

## HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DIVORCES IN THE UNITED STATES

### WHY?

WITHIN the last 20 years there have been 1,300,000 divorces in the United States. These figures are supplied by the census bureau at Washington, which is still at work preparing the complete and official report.

This is an increase of 1,000,000 in the last 20 years over the 20 preceding years, and the appalling part of it is that two-thirds, or nearly 900,000, of these divorces have been granted, says the New York Sunday Herald.

When the census bureau began its

meets because we are not 'submissive' to our husbands' misconception and misunderstanding of us."

"But," the defenders of the conventional type of woman reply, "you cannot accomplish anything great in literature, science or religion, and you never have produced works of great and universal genius. The most you can do is to make your own bread and butter. Your trivial creations in art and literature can be spared, and it is your intellectual discontent and unrest that is spreading the divorce germ, which threatens soon to develop into a divorce epidemic. Take the place assigned to you by nature, be man's helpmeet and all will be well."

Has higher education made woman dissatisfied with the domestic sphere? Or is it that the high tension of modern everyday business life has prevented the husband from giving his wife the romantic attentions and caresses demanded by her nature?

#### Modern Man Too Busy.

It is not uncommon for the wives of business men to spend summer in Europe and winter in the south, and many times they find in these places the romantic companionship and attention their own husbands had not time to give them at home.

Like "birds in a gilded cage" they were treated, their husbands sending them packages of lace and bundles of silks, and bringing them home handfulls of jewels, but if they ever suspected their wives' need of romance and tenderness they were unable to supply it, because of the demands on their time by their many business interests.

Or is it that the modern inventions for pickling, preserving, dyeing and cleaning have left the twentieth century woman with "vast leisure" on her hands, and has her lack of domestic occupations and cares made her dissatisfied and hypercritical of her busy and worried husband?

And does she brood over his "coldness" all day because in his haste to keep some business engagement he hurries forth without the morning kiss?

#### Other Reasons Given.

Or is it that young couples look at marriage too childishly and do not see the economic, sociological and political

### For Separation



DR. FELIX ADLER

WHAT we need is a doctrine of marriage. There is no clear cut doctrine of marriage. The church is tied up to the ethics of 2,000 years ago, the oriental fantasies of Paul.

"The old idea of marriage was inculcated and secured through two fundamental principles—reverence to parents and the understanding that marriage was to be permanent. These principles are both imperiled," is the idea of Dr. Felix Adler.

"Under present conditions they are no longer tenable, for the first was founded on the idea that the child had no rights except through its parents. Its position was one of the subservience, of unquestioned obedience to the parents, and as regards the permanence of the marriage tie, it was chiefly a bond that tied the woman to the man. Her position was one of subordination."

"To-day we admit that the child has rights which we are bound to respect and that the woman is the equal of the man."

"One trouble with modern marriage is that the masculine element predominates in the ceremonial. This should not be so. The great trouble is that people who marry nowadays look in marriage only for happiness. Happiness is not the end of marriage, as most people think, but only an incident of married life. They are bound to find many trials. They should respect the ethical ideals, their great responsibility is to future generations, the good of the race!"

"Under the multiplication of divorces in this country the issue is whether the sensuous nature of the marriage contract is to prevail or whether the spiritual is to predominate. I believe in separation, but never in divorce."

sides of the family? Do they not realize its integral relation to the state?

Do they consider it as a personal thing, and does their dull sense of the sociological aspect of marriage dull them to the sociological aspect of divorce?

Or are marriages too lightly entered into? Rev. Dr. Houghton, pastor of "The Little Church Around the Corner," now has the bans called, which means that three weeks' public notice is given of all intended marriages in the church.

Do husbands and wives expect to find in marriage only a continuation

### Divorce a Reproach



DR. ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR

THE prevalence of divorces in the United States is a reproach alike to the country and to the church, is the declaration of Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur. The American republic has a most unenviable prominence in this regard. The detailed accounts of suits for divorce, as these suits are pressed in the various courts, are disgusting in the extreme. They bring reproach alike upon American men and women in all parts of our country. These facts are admitted and at the same time are sadly regretted by our best citizens and our most devoted churchmen and churchwomen.

The causes for divorce are numerous. They are not limited in responsibility, either to men or to women. It is not a sufficient statement to say that the broader education of women and their emancipation from the greater subjection of former years is the chief cause, as Mrs. Anna Rogers says. The men and women who rush into the divorce courts elicit our contempt for their vulgarity and coarseness, not to use even stronger terms. It is difficult to see how one's moral indignation because of the vulgarity of these divorce cases as to speak of them with the restraint becoming a newspaper article. How men and women can stoop to charge abominable crimes against each other in order to secure divorces makes one ashamed of his race. Idleness, lack of spiritual occupation and suggestion, and vulgar conformity to low ideals in life—these are causes largely responsible for the prevalence of divorce. Hasty marriage is also somewhat responsible. Many men and women rush into marriage with less serious thoughtfulness than they would show regarding any ordinary business transaction. The clergy also are somewhat responsible by the haste with which they officiate at marriages without knowing the facts in the case of those who desire to enter into this relationship.

Marriage must be made more honorable, its obligations must be lifted to a higher level. In a single word, the correction of the evils of divorce, as in the case of all other evils, must, in its finality, depend upon higher spiritual ideals, nobler characters and more religious conceptions of all the duties and obligations of life in its manifold relations. Uniform divorce laws in the states would partially remove the evils of divorce. There is no one specific cause—there is no one specific cure. When men and women realize their dignity and glory as the children of God and heirs of eternity,

they will so order their lives that ill-advised marriages will be rare, and they will then so conduct themselves in their married relations that divorces will be practically unknown.

of the romantic bliss of courtship? And when they find each day there is less ecstasy and more imperfections discoverable in each other do they rush immediately and without second thought to the divorce courts?

The reason, "I just got tired of Alfred," or "Margaret became such a bore," has been given by more than one person who has applied for divorce. Looking in marriage for individual happiness only, how could they remember their duty to the state?

Sociologists, writers, doctors and legalists on all hands are asking, "What is to be done? Should there be a uniform divorce law that all the different states will ratify? Should the magistrate, the priest and the preacher, when marrying couples, impress upon them the sociological aspect of their union, as well as the spiritual and romantic?"

#### From Various Views.

The different churches have different beliefs concerning marriage, the different states have different laws governing it, and they are both content to rest their case there!

Thus the greatest sociological problem in the United States to-day is being tossed back and forth as if it were some rubber ball, and yet 1,300,000 divorces in 20 years are sure to leave their influence on many lives and many families.

Back in 1748 Mme. de Chateauroux said: "I see plainly that there will be a general overthrow if no remedy is used."

What she said about the political condition of France then we may say about the divorce situation in the United States to-day.

The divorce congress two years ago accomplished practically nothing, well intentioned as it was. If federal legislation is urged in the spring on the strength of the detailed report of the census bureau it will be challenged on the ground of its being unconstitutional.

### Marital Unrest



DR. GEORGE CLARKE HOUGHTON

MARITAL unrest is neither an offspring of the new woman nor the evil outgrowth of freer and juster divorce laws, declares Dr. Clarke Houghton. It is as old as the world. To charge it up to the conscience of the "new woman" is neither fair-minded nor rational. The Old Testament reeks with it, and the biographers of our great warriors, statesmen, poets and prophets all the way down the ages, from Earle or Gorky of the present day back to Potiphar's wife and David of old show it to have been the same yesterday, to-day and forever!

David's own wives are described as women of comely countenance and of good understanding, and there is no record where either Abigail or Ahinoam closed their cook books to study law or uttered a single idea not the echo of their joint husband. If they had, who knows? They might have saved him from the sin of sending the poor Hittite to the forefront of the hottest battle that he might take his beautiful wife Bathsheba. Who knows, had they seasoned the sameness of the married way with an occasional dash of original thought?

The sacred Milton, the divine Shelley, Cicero, Dante and the immortal Shakespeare are all melancholy examples of marital unrest, though none of them was divorced.

If divorce is growing greater it is not because marital unrest is growing worse, but because offenses in marriage and hypocrisy are growing less.

To make the happiness of the individuals only an incident in marriage is only to defend Dr. Adler's dream of a higher and finer race. Insure the happiness of husband and wife and it will follow as the day the night that we will have a finer generation of offspring and a purer society of men and women.

## MAKES BIG CLAIMS

THE AMERICAN ECONOMIST ON TARIFF AND THE PANIC.

Unfortunately the Statement That the Tariff Was Responsible for Quieting Financial Flurry Is Not Borne Out by Facts.

It is indeed a pleasure to know from such an exalted authority as the American Economist, the organ of the tariff-protected trusts, that the panic is over, and it was the high tariff which cured our financial ills. But in spite of this assurance of the Economist there is every day still published news of this and that factory shutting down, or discharging half or more of their workmen, and of wages being reduced. Is the tariff which protects the trusts working at cross purposes, or is the Economist mistaken in its diagnosis of present conditions? Even the New York papers, which have evidently entered into a league for the purpose of minimizing the panic, do not seem able to swallow the good news that the panic is over, or that the protective tariff saved the day. "We know, of course, that protection brought us all our national blessings," says the Evening Post, "and would, if not hindered now and then by satanic free-traders, avert every public ill; but we did not expect to see the truth set forth so bluntly as it is by the Economist. 'The tariff,' it says, 'had nothing whatever to do with bringing on this financial flurry, but it had a tremendous lot to do with quieting it.' We can easily understand, therefore, that 'faith in protection was never more alive,' since people have seen it cause 'the worst money panic the country has known for 15 years' to 'disappear inside of five days.' Our only regret is that the bankers and trust company presidents and the secretary of the treasury should have been in ignorance of all this, and should have spent haggard days and nights over the questions of reserve and gold imports, when all the while there was the tariff fairy godmother making their anxiety needless and their labors superfluous."

There be those that claim that the tariff has so protected the trusts and monopolists that it has led them to branch out too greatly after the enormous profits the tariff has protected them in charging, and this kind of bolstered up prosperity has just broken down of its own weight for lack of enough fuel to feed on. Whether this view is the correct one, or whether the organ of the trusts is correct in its statement that the panic is over, and that "the tariff had nothing to do with bringing on this financial flurry, but it had a tremendous lot to do with quieting it," will soon be seen, and the truth will eventually prevail. The last Republican platform declared that "a Republican tariff has always been followed by business prosperity," but then that was so notoriously untrue that it should be taken with due allowance as simple partisan boasting, and the boast of the Economist may be like unto it. Time will tell and not very long will be required, either.

#### A Change Imperative.

The Republican leaders contend that congress or the courts may justly put upon the constitution a construction which shall be considered as the constitution itself, and are unwilling that there should be any check to oppose their designs. If they had their way, every construction put upon the constitution by congress or by corporation-owned judges of the inferior federal courts would be in effect a new constitution. Thus our supreme law would be tossed about by every political breeze, until it finally crystallized anew into a system of tyranny based upon arbitrary practices dictated by corrupt corporations. President Roosevelt, who is the leader of the party favoring the alteration of the constitution by this foul method, now has congress at his feet, and has appointed 57 federal judges, who presumably adhere to his opinions. If the people desire to preserve their constitution, they must very soon change the administration of the government. They must change it, indeed, at the next election.

#### Mistakes of Roosevelt.

If President Roosevelt is as careless of his financial facts as he is of the law on several matters he will hardly go down into history as a safe man to follow. There is no excuse for a president to make misstatements about the laws or the financial affairs of the United States, for he has an army of legal and financial talent to look up the law and the facts, and when he said there was "no legal warrant" for placing on the coins of the United States the motto "In God we trust," he had evidently never examined "the laws of the United States relating to coinage," wherein section five, chapter C expressly provides for the use of the motto.

#### Labor's Attitude.

The American Federation of Labor seems to be in no mood to consent to a reduction of wages as a way out of the Roosevelt panic. In his recent report at Jamestown, during the annual session of the federation, President Gompers said that he felt it incumbent on him "to press home upon the attention of labor the economical unsoundness of the school of political economists which advocated the assent of workmen to wage-reduction as a means to what they were pleased to term the way out of an industrial reaction or crisis."

The federation doesn't believe that crooked financial methods is a cure-all for bad government, or that labor should be robbed in order to make good the losses of speculators of the Corey-Stillman stripe. The attitude of organized labor in the next campaign is rendered highly important by such deliverances. It does not believe in illegal currency any more than it does in government ownership of railroads, or other Bryan-Roosevelt fads.

Marrying for money isn't nearly so profitable as inheriting it.

## Bread Upon the Waters

By Kate Wallace Clements

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When Mrs. Spaulding went to the county orphan asylum, she hadn't the remotest idea of bringing home the wee mite of humanity she did. On the contrary, she needed a half-grown girl large enough to wash dishes, run errands, and otherwise assist with household duties, now that she was getting on in years.

"A good sized girl, capable and willing," was what she asked the matron for.

"Come this way," answered that person; "I think we have just the girl for you."

In going to the section of the building where the larger girls were domiciled they had occasion to pass through the nursery.

In this room a number of little ones were playing. One dark-eyed little elf caught hold of Mrs. Spaulding's gown.

"My, but isn't she pretty!" exclaimed the visitor, looking down at a dark, rough face. "How old is she?"

"She must be almost three, as near as we can reckon," answered the matron. "She is of Italian parentage," she went on. "Her father, a poor, strolling musician, sick and despondent, put an end to his life. The child was found in the room with his body—dreadful, wasn't it? And such a dear little thing, too—tell the lady your name, dear."

"Tildywinks," lisped the child. "Perhaps her name is Matilda," ventured Mrs. Spaulding.

Suddenly the child stretched out her arms—"Mamma," she cried—"Tildy's mamma." Oh, what music in that word to the heart of the childless woman; it was the keynote to the doorway of her heart.

Only in dreams had the woman felt the clinging baby arms, the warm pressure of baby lips—only anticipation—never till now—realization.

"Come, Tildy, kiss the lady goodbye," it was the matron's voice she heard.

She was moving on, expecting her visitor to follow, but Mrs. Spaulding was standing still, a peculiar expression on her face as she said:

"I don't think I want that girl. I spoke about; I've changed my mind. I think," hesitatingly, "I'll take this one."

Once outside the gray stone building she wondered at her doing. Staid, middle-aged Bessie Spaulding taking a baby for adoption. She smiled as she thought of her neighbors' criticism. She was prepared for it all.

Thirteen years passed. The child that Mrs. Spaulding had taken to her heart could indeed be classed as "a good sized girl." She was in her sixteenth year. A tall, beautiful girl, with dark, flashing eyes and rich brown complexion.

She proved to be a great comfort to her foster parents. Through the living day she sang joyous notes, like the calling of a bird.

Once a stranger passing, paused to listen to that sweet voice, and listening, exclaimed:

"Bravo! Bravo!"

She wondered what he meant—she, this innocent child of nature.

"Such a strange man, mother," she said when she sat at her feet in the twilight. "Do I sing very well?" she asked.

"Well enough to please mother," came the soft answer, and she was content.

The next Sabbath while she sang in the village choir a dark face was uplifted in mute admiration; it was the man who called out Bravo to her while she sang.

She saw him stop and speak to her foster parents. She watched her mother place her hand on her heart, while the color died from her face.

That night as she lay awake she heard voices from below. It was her foster parents. She caught the words:

"We must keep her from the choir, John. My God! he'll take her from us."

She had a vague impression that the dark stranger was a relative. She knew the history of her own origin, that her rightful parents came from Italy. Perhaps he had come to take her away. As, but she would not go; no, never.

For a time she ceased to sing. When the spring came, all her joyousness returned. She sang with the birds, notes sweeter than the nightingale. How could she be otherwise than in harmony with nature?

She was sitting in the garden singing a bright little melody; it seemed to come from her very heart. She was conscious of a presence, and raising her eyes saw the stranger—he who would take her away.

Gathering up her work and garden-hat, she would have rushed into the house, but he stood in her pathway.

"Ah, mademoiselle, listen," he pleaded. "Do you want to become rich, famous, queen among women?"

She caught the words "rich, famous." Her breath came in little gasps. Then she bent her dark head and listened. She was only a woman. To be praised, admired, gifts came at her very feet; to become a prima donna. Ah, the temptation was too great.

"Give me time to think," she pleaded; "only time to think."

One night before the footlights would bring sufficient money to purchase the farm. No need then for father to toil and mother to worry. It seemed the path of duty.

The little white belt with the covert undisturbed, told its own story with the tear-stained note pinned on the dressing case.

"I'm going away," it read, "to study music and have my voice cultivated. When I've grown rich and famous, I will come back. Not till then. Forgive me and good-by. Tildy."

"Gone," cried the frantic mother; "gone to become an actress."

To the mind of these simple country folk her future career was looked

upon in the light of a disgrace. Nothing appeared quite so appalling as the life of an actress. Involuntarily they associated it with scant apparel and rouged face. She was dead to them!

Ten years passed, bringing naught but adversity to John Spaulding. The crops had failed, many of his choicest cattle had died. Poverty had come to them, grim, dire poverty.

Better sell the place out before it would go to rack and ruin. Oh! how they loathed to part with it, the roof that had sheltered them for many years. Still, the creditors must be appeased.

"She promised to come back some day," she murmured. The tears fell fast and thick on Mrs. Spaulding's faded gown. "She will find only strangers here," she said, bitterly.

A letter had come from the agent that week, stating that a purchaser had been found. He, the agent, would run down with the party toward the close of the week, and now—why! it was Thursday. Surely this was the close of the week.

"If Tildy were only here." She clung to the strange name through all these years. Yes, if the child were here she might comfort her.

Poor old soul! Through her tear-dimmed eyes she saw a carriage drive



"You Cannot Take It?"

up the pathway, stopping at the gate. The future occupant of her home, no doubt. It would never do to let them witness her grief; she must brush the tears away. She bent her face closer over the worn coat she was mending. She heard the soft rustle of garments, while the odor of violets came to her.

The woman must be rich to wear such beautiful clothes. What could she want with the farm? She almost hated her. Was she not taking the roof from over their heads?

"Well, now, that's what I call a generous offer."

It was the agent who spoke, bland and smiling.

"What do you say to that, Mrs. Spaulding?" he went on. "The lady says you may remain for awhile; until autumn. It will give you time to look about and—"

"We don't want to remain," broke in old John Spaulding, seated in the chimney corner, with hands hardened by toil folded in a helpless sort of fashion across his knee. "No, no," he muttered, "we can't take favors, leastwise from strangers. Can we, Lisbia?"

His wife shook her head sadly. "It's a very kind offer," she said, "but we cannot accept it."

"You cannot take it?" asked a sweet, musical voice. "Not even from? Don't you know me, mother?"

Not Tildywinks?

She stood before them, beautiful and smiling. It was she who had purchased the old home. "The bread cast upon the waters had indeed come back."

"Tell me, Tildy, darling," asked the elder woman, looking at her through tears of joy, "you are not an actress? You don't sing in—"

"Only sacred music, mother," she answered. "Knowing your views on the subject, I have respected them. In the world of music I am known as—"

She whispered a name whose fame had reached even that quiet little hamlet.

"Then you are Mademoiselle—"

She silenced the lips with a kiss. "To the world, yes; but to you let me always be plain Tildywinks."

A Song of Friendship.

There is no such thing as "a friend for a day." Or "a friend in sunny weather." For the friend of to-day is a friend for aye, Or an enemy altogether.

His friend is a king who can do no wrong, Who never can err or fall; And he asks not why, knows no "you" or "I," And has room for two on the trail.

So sing me no song of your critical friend, Who questions where duty may call, A friend is a friend to the bitter end, Or he isn't a friend at all. —Charles Pollock, in New York Press.

He Gets the Chance.

"There is one advantage which a judge always has in his profession." "What is that?"

"Whether he succeeds in a given case or not, he can always try it." —Baltimore American.

Very Much So.

"When Jinks went home last night he found his wife fairly boiling with anger and weeping scalding tears."

"He remarked this morning that he had been in hot water." —Baltimore American.

### Hasty Marriages



REV. PHOEBE A. HANFORD

I AM a minister of the gospel. I believe in the Bible. It is regrettable that there are so many different state laws governing divorce, and I feel sorry for the children of all these divorced people, says Rev. Phoebe A. Hanford.

No, it is not the fault of the "new woman." There is no "new woman." A woman is a woman. There are good women and bad women, but no "new women."

There are too many hasty marriages. This should be looked after.

Investigation it had to leave out nearly 500,000 cases which were pending, and of the 2,900 investigators, clerks, etc., employed in the bureau in the preparation of this report 140 are still at work getting it in its final and complete shape.

France has only 79 divorce courts, Germany only 28, England only one, and the United States has 2,921 courts empowered to grant divorces. These facts alone are sufficient to give the thinker pause and ask "What is the remedy?"

#### "New Woman" Blamed.

Writers who defend the conventional and "domestic" type of woman put all the blame on the "new woman." They say she has left her legitimate sphere—the home—that she no longer loves or inspires love, and that, in defiance of all history and her own apparent destiny, refuses to consider marriage and motherhood the object of her existence.

They urge she has abandoned the hearthstone to become a writer, an artist, a playwright, an actress, a teacher, or whatnot, and during the period in which she has gained her "rights" (the last 20 years) the marriage institution has been assailed on all sides.

Is it the "new woman's" fault?

The "new woman" differs from her sister in this respect at least—she has no flattery for the tyrant man. She turns right around and places all the blame for the marital unrest on his shoulders.

"Man does not understand our complex nature," she says, "and while he considers marriage as only one stage of his own mental and spiritual development, he insists that we shall consider it the only excuse for our existence."

#### Calls Contentions Unfair.

"This is unfair," she continues. "We are not to be classed with our 'domestic' sisters. We pity them but we are not of them. We have aims, aspirations and ambitions the same as men, and to attempt to force us into domesticity is to suffocate us. We object to being called unfruitful help-

#### MINES OF COLOMBIA.

Emeralds Worth a Million Taken Out Last Year.

The German minister in Bogota, Colombia, has sent to his government a detailed report of the emerald mines of Muso, in the Department of Boyaca. These mines have undergone many vicissitudes.

After the country broke away from Spain they were first held by Boyaca and worked for its benefit in an indolent sort of way. Then the national government laid claim to them and they were shiftlessly worked by various concession holders. Until the most recent revolution nobody paid any attention to the workings or the value of the stones taken from them.

Now they have been leased to a Colombian syndicate for five years and a rigid government supervision is exercised over the output. It is the intention of the administration when the lease expires to take up the working of the mines on its own account.

From the mining village a narrow path leads to the mines 350 feet up

the side of a steep mountain. The open cut shows a great variety of rocks and minerals, flint and quartz being the most prominent.

The emeralds are found in a fossiliferous limestone which shows in gray streaks among the darker rocks. The Spaniards used to get at the gems by driving adits into the hill following the veins. Now the open cut has been adopted and the rock is terraced from above.

High up on the mountain there are copious water courses. These are directed into artificial reservoirs and flumes—one of them six miles long—are carried down to the mine. The quantity of water is so great that even in dry seasons there is sufficient to carry on operations.

As the rocks are pulverized the debris is converted into slime and carried by the water down the mountain to the Rio Minero far below, which sweeps it along to the sea. The gems are picked from the washing troughs by peons, who keep breaking up the rock smaller and smaller, so that nothing is lost.

Altogether more than 100 laborers

are employed. They receive 25 pesos in paper, equivalent to 25 cents a day in United States money, besides food, shelter and free medical attendance.

None of them stands the work very long, says the New York Sun. The intense heat, especially in the bottom of the great pit of the mine, and the working in water break them down rapidly, and they fall victims to the local fever.

They work under canvas awnings and fix palm leaves over their heads to keep off the glare of the sun, but as the day wears on the atmosphere in the pit often rises to a temperature of 115 to 120 degrees, and it becomes as humid as that of a Turkish bath through the evaporation from the washing pans and the slime.

At every stage of the work the peons are supervised by the peons scrupulously. Every stone is turned over to them the instant it is found. They clean it and report it to the government officials.

Until two or three years ago it was supposed that the Muso mines were practically exhausted, but this was

only because of inefficient methods. Last year emeralds to the value of not less than \$1,000,000 in gold were taken out and sold.

Kindly Charles Lamb.